

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



MAY, 1930

Contents

Mother -----	399
In The Web of Queen Mab -----	400
The Balance Wheel of Life -----	407
Three Wondrous Words -----	414
The King of Rails -----	415
May Days -----	421
Mother -----	422
Symbols And Images of Poetry -----	422
Editorials -----	428
Exchanges -----	431
Library Notes -----	434
Longing -----	439
Societies -----	440
Alumni Notes -----	445
In Memoriam -----	447
Reminiscence -----	448
Locals -----	449
Athletics -----	453
Free Air:—Hot and Otherwise -----	456
Advertisements -----	460

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Collegeville, Indiana.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XVIII

MAY 12, 1930

No. 8

MOTHER

A lily hid 'neath verdant trees,
 Though bent with mild decay,
Is still caressed by love's soft breeze,
 Which soothes its waning day.
Within its silv'ry bosom shines
 A heart of purest gold;
Its love enthroned in fragrant shrine,
 Unsullied we behold.

This lily is my Mother dear,
 And like soft breeze may I
Caress her in her future years,
 And thereby testify
My love for her who is more dear,
 Than all that gold can buy.

John W. Baechle, '30

IN THE WEB OF QUEEN MAB

Clem's nervous glance roved from the rich brown walls to the luxurious Louis XIV walnut furniture, then to a large bouquet of hot-house roses occupying the center library table. As his vision drifted out of the open window it rested upon the massive stone gate posts with the wrought-iron gates, and upon the tall cypresses, along the drive, breaking the pearl-blue skyline. Nearby, the pond, smooth as a mirror, spread out before him, an opaque jewel, resting magnificently on its luxuriant velvet cushion of green grass. Just outside the window a giant patriarchal elm with its lace parasol of fringed leaves shaded Clem's eyes from the heat of an intolerable sun.

Clem's restless mind had already conjured up another vision. Ah that tree! Wouldn't he have considered himself a hero, if, in those almost forgotten childhood days, he could have conquered its highest branch? The present reminiscence, however, was painful. It served merely to contrast his dreary monotonous, almost unhappy existence, with the happy days of childhood. In his trance, he visualized dimly—as plainly as his memory would permit—the tiny suburban cottage adorned with every comfort where peaceful home-happiness reigned supreme; where Clem and his two sisters had shared the love of fond parents.

All had gone well until Clem's father, after a prolonged illness, passed away. Sorrow, hardship, and want now visited the former favorites of fortune. Yet the children enjoyed the loving care of a mother for a few years more. Mother, dear angel—Ah! he

sighed at the sound of that sweetest of words—had, in spite of the family's meager means, always insisted that the children should have a good musical education. This fact always perplexed Clem. He knew that his father had been a great lover of music. One day, prompted by the revered words of his mother, Clem came to respect more than ever the memory of his deceased father and to understand the desire of his mother in her insistence upon a musical education. Mother had told him:

“Your daddy certainly loved music, for he used to sit for hours and listen to a masterhand at the piano or some other instrument. You remember very little of your father because you were so young when he died. It was with his beautiful baritone voice that your father earned his living and provided for his dear ones. Of course he had many other charms, but I shall always continue to believe that it was his voice that finally won me. We used to sit together and he would croon those old, old songs—songs which have withstood the tempest of time, and still speak with an unmuffled voice.”

Clem seemed to hear every word now as his mother had spoken them. He felt his spirits rise, he turned, and there—oh! what? Yes, it seemed he could see her before him now. That sweet, frail, commanding presence seemed to fill the room. Queer, how clearly he could see all this. He turned away, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. No! it was not an illusion. There she stood, gowned in that soft yellow dress, almost golden against the dark brown of the somber walls. Her eyes seemed to pierce him and then—suddenly Clem was in his childhood again. Mother was singing over her little ones. The

lullaby seemed to steal upon him. Clem felt the intensity of a mother's love as the pure passion of mother-love sent out those lingering, soothing tones.

Then the music changed—fierce, passionate, undaunted love throbbed from the woman's heart as the sweet crooning slowly, majestically swelled into a mighty crescendo and then receded into the mellowness of heaven. Unbounded sympathy consoled Clem as the soft prolonged notes poured out into his ears. He now felt the heat and power of passion, of the depths of feeling, as the notes slowly filled, rose higher and higher, and finally died away in a fierce storm of sighs.

Clem thrilled as that high, clear, lilting soprano died away, leaving him filled with the fighting spirit of true young manhood. Now the melody changed once more, and as Clem heard the unutterable pathos of the dirge that she was singing—seemingly in memory of his father—he realized that the whole picture of life had passed before him. His eyes were fixed in a frozen gaze on his mother's face. The dirge ended in a cry of triumph—the triumph of earned victory over life. The apparition then slowly faded and a single ray of sunlight replaced it, but Clem was not alone. The presence of his mother seemed to hover near, and his thoughts turned to her and to her last hours.

Clem was still in the formative period of his life when his mother had died, leaving him an orphan. His mother's death had imparted to him a permanent impression. Again he saw the deathbed with his frail and delicate mother, now weaker and more beautiful than ever, courageously smiling to the last as she gave her final words of advice:

"Dear ones, you know that there may be times when all around seems black, gloomy, fathomless, and you may be ready to cast yourself on the rock of despair. Whenever you feel that way, let the storm of your emotions be loosed in song or music; you will feel wonderfully eased and lightened. Your honest lives have been my only joy. Remain faithful to yourselves and you will be doing your share in making your lives noble and happy. Goodbye my children."—With these words on her lips she serenely left the stage of life.

Now Clem reviewed the long and weary years since his mother's death as they passed before him. No longer was he the vibrant, human, real man his mother had meant him to be. He was (and the truth burst upon him with the intensity of conviction) a mere hard, cold, exacting, heartless, business man. He had loved his mother as only a young man can, but he had been hurried out to earn his own living as best he could, and his high ideals had been shattered on the boulder-strewn path of life. Ambition had dwindled from the desire to live nobly to a greed for profit. Now, he reflected, why not do as his mother had said; why not sing out the dreariness of existence and sing something worth while into life? Possibly he could be happy. Also, father had been a great singer. Suddenly the fever settled upon him. He would try to be like his father. Why couldn't he sing?

Bz-z-z-z-z! Blank darkness, insensibility, total oblivion—sleep—suddenly amid Clem's reverberating snores there sounded a gentle rap on the door. No answer. A louder tap—still no response except the continuous raucous music issuing from Clem's nasal

and oral passages. Silence at the door—then slowly and quietly the portal opened and a draft of air tried to prevent what appeared to be a fairy apparition from effecting an entrance into the room. With flowing grace a young woman entered, glanced about, discovered the source of the wretchedly performed imitation of a busy buzz-saw, and paused a short distance from Clem's chair. A slight touch of humor played mischievously about her mouth. Her golden hair fled coquettishly from the caresses of the just perceptible breeze, while her deep, liquid, blue eyes were fixed on Clem's face in a manner betokening an incomplete understanding of him. It was with a look of perplexed timidity that she finally dropped to her knees beside him, and gazed long and lovingly into his forlorn and unsuspecting countenance. After a while she rose, gently pulled his ear and whispered:

“Clem, it's time to get up.”

The snoring ceased, a solitary grunt emerged from the deepest recesses of total unconsciousness. Again, this time more earnestly, she pulled his ears and called softly, as if from a distance,

“Clem, get up; it's time for breakfast.”—

Louder grunts, a motion of the rigid legs, a wild look of desperation slipping across the brows, more grunts and

“Uh, uh, uh, huh, I'm coming.”

This was again followed by a relapse into the unknown. After some more wild pulling of ears, several tugs at his hair, Clem was finally induced to blink slowly, to fling up his arms and to awaken fully. As consciousness at last asserted itself, he glanced about, and his blinking eyes fell upon the smiling

mischievous features of his sister, Marion. She had in the meantime been watching him intently behind her smile. As their eyes met the scowl caused by the disturbance disappeared and a smile stole guiltily across Clem's face.

"Why so sleepy, Clem?" plaintively queried Marion.

"Oh well, y'see Sis,—it was this way. I was sitting here at the window, gazing out at the landscape—thinking, and trying to define concretely just what life meant to me. I was rather—rather glum. I dozed off in that gloomy mood, and I guess I still had that 'Who cares?' spirit when you woke me up. But I feel different now. I had a wonderful dream—and you, little Sis, shall at last be satisfied because I've made up my mind that I will be different. I'll turn over a new leaf; I'm going to live, really live, and not be just another of so many mortals. I am going to see and learn and study life, and every time events do not exactly dove-tail, I'll say: 'See here, Clem Burk, just look around a bit and see what you have to be happy about.' Then I'll start with 'I've got a dear sweet sister, Marion, and another sister, Eunice, and that will suffice.' I will then pause and think of that. By the way, where is Eunice?" Marion teasingly replied:

"Do you know, Clem, I thought you would never stop talking. Eunice is in the other room playing the piano. Listen!"

Eunice was playing the almost forgotten lullaby which they had heard so often in their childhood days. Clem's heart swelled as he listened. When he could no longer contain himself he said impulsively:

"Come on, Sis, let's join in."

Then a soft clear duet drowned out the notes of the piano and floated to Eunice's ears. When the lullaby was finished Clem's sensitive baritone voice struck out alone into another melody. As the song of his dream returned to him, he sang as if mad, enchanted, hypnotized. The piano stopped and soon Eunice appeared in the doorway of Clem's bedroom where she joined her sister. Arm in arm the sisters stood and admired their brother. When at last Clem ceased singing, two questioning pairs of eyes searched his countenance. Returning their inquisitive looks, Clem smiled quietly and said:

"That's the way I feel just now. I think that I am going to like living after all—considering what I have to live for. S'funny what dreams can do isn't it?"

Thomas Rieman, '31

MAY

O pleasant month, O cheerful May!
 Thou art so lavish with thy charms
 That in the smiles of thy sweet day
 The heart of every creature warms.

May thy delights enfold the earth
 From dewy morn to moonlit night;
 Unending be thy joy and mirth
 In painting lilies fair and white.

E. Lins, '30

Among the changing months, May stands confest
 The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.

—Thompson—On May

THE BALANCE WHEEL OF LIFE

From that day forward on which Adam sought to hide himself from the sight of his almighty Maker, man has come to be the butt of humor. Even as yet he has not risen from that primitive condition in spite of all the progress he has to his credit, a matter which is clearly demonstrated on the annual feast of humor, commonly known as All Fools' Day. The wide spread celebration of this feast, April 1, shows that humor is coextensive with the human race itself, and that it is as perennial as are cyclonic winds in both its purpose and application. Because it forces itself upon the attention of everybody, humor makes a special claim for consideration on all those who wish to become acquainted with human nature, for these individuals, in order to achieve their purpose, will have to take into account Seneca's epigrammatic saying, "I consider nothing human as alien to myself."

Humor, which must be distinguished from wit and comedy, rewards its observers in other ways than by merely giving satisfaction in allowing one to speculate about its nature, for it possesses a persuasiveness that will easily outstrip the force of the best argument; it has a fullness of heart about itself that will always be attractive, and the laughter that it evokes—even if its nature be not understood—is always the most agreeable and hearty. Like other refined and superb qualities of mind, humor, aesthetically considered, is capable of cultivation and affords its possessor much rare pleasure. That it should be assiduously cultivated is evident from the aid it af-

fords to the study of character. There is a side to personality, to character, which is thickly beset with follies and foibles, and it is only through a sense of humor that this side permits being reached.

Considered from a practical view point, humor dissipates trouble and effects a solution of many minor perplexities that harass one's daily existence by disclosing, as it were, the silver lining on the reverse of the thunder cloud. Happy is the man who recognizes the play of incongruity in life, and who knows that incongruities must come, for he it is who can grasp what Josh Billings sums up very practically in the words: "Theoretically considered, it (humor) kan outargy all the logik in existence." It is incongruities that act like irony on all the serious moil and coil that people raise about their lives, and it is out of this seeming irony that incongruities beget that humor takes its origin. Sidney Smith says as much when he observes: "As you increase incongruity you increase humor; as you diminish it, you diminish humor. If a tradesman of corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and decorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we would all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it would certainly not diminish our propensity to laugh. But if he would sit in the mud and threaten the passers-by with his wrath, he would certainly heighten still more the humor of the situation."

But in spite of being rather common in life, humor is not very easily analysed; wit and comedy are often mistaken for humor, but upon examination,

it becomes plain that these sources of amusement take origin in quite a different matter than that from which humor proceeds. Wit is fundamentally an intellectual operation consisting as it does of flashes of reason because of which it is often named "mental lightning". Comedy is mental play in the colorful world of the imagination. Its essence is imaginary, frequently artificial, capricious, and irrelevant. Neither comedy nor wit takes the feelings of the victim upon whom it is directed into account, while humor which has the virtue of the golden mean about it holds a middle course between these two and seeks to be tempered to the sensibilities of the individual whom it has singled out as its objective. Hence in the province of humor the following slogan is expected to hold as a norm:

"Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how you do take it."

This saying is the trademark of humor which in its every aspect is a human phenomenon. The cock-sure sciolist, the sea-sick landlubber, the bashful swain, the absent-minded philosopher are one and all illustrative specimens of the human element in humor. In itself it is the mainspring that keeps the mechanism of joy moving in life; it is the lodestar towards which all human feelings gravitate, and it is the one great remedy for gloom and pessimism.

The quality of humor is directly opposed to anything like the sharpness and bitterness of satire which usually has as its objective a second person, while the good-natured banter of humor proves to be at its best when it centers in the person speaking

or at least makes him a partner to the drollery. Austin O'Malley sums up the difference concisely in the words: "Satire would say, 'Thou Fool'; humor would say, 'Dear Brother Fool'." Humor is intrinsically truthful, and, therefore, has reason to be sympathetic, and if this quality is absent, humor loses its identity. Like charity, humor begins at home that is the humorous person, though he delights in the foibles of others, yet he takes an equal delight in his own foibles and very good-naturedly dispels any doubts about himself. Woodrow Wilson gave an example that is quite to the point in this matter. He said:

"As a beauty I am no star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front get the jar."

To exercise humor on himself could have been the only purpose that Joyce Kilmer had in mind when he wrote:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

It is the peculiar personal quality of humor that enables people to shift trivial artificialities and common vanities incident to daily life out of their way by a mere laugh instead of wasting time and effort in troubling about them. A man's days are too precious to allow him to give time to useless worries, and, if he is endowed with a proper sense of humor he will not allow trifles to turn him from his course anymore than a steamer would change its course for a floating barrel. Such is the evaluation of the

comic that it keeps a man from becoming confused and flustered when he encounters idiosyncracies and trifles. He noses them out of his way with a smirk just because his sense of humor makes him feel that they are worth nothing more. John Bunyan describes nicely this manner of acting in an exquisite couplet:

“Some things are of that nature as to make
One’s fancy chuckle while the heart doth ache.”

Really blest is the man who, in the face of a mixture of pathetic and comic events, knows how to laugh. He is aware that “an ill wind blows no good,” and that “there is nothing perfect under the sun.” He observes the ludicrous interplay of serious and comic events with an understanding eye, and when others who have no sense of humor think that the entire world is going to the pot, he recalls Josh Billings advice: “Hold to your false hair with both hands and then laugh till your soul gets thoroughly rested.”

Though humor is genial and sportive, yet the one who would use it properly must realize that it has its limitations as to time, place, and degree. Brander Matthews quotes George Eliot in reference to this principle saying, “George Eliot was never wiser than when she said that ‘a difference of taste in jests is a great strain on the affections.’” Due to the difficulty of accommodating banter to personal likes and dislikes in taste, it will at times be wise to rest content in the private enjoyment of the sense of humor rather than make overt attempts at being humorous, for people are likely to misunderstand especially if what is said requires alertness of mind. It is well to bear ever in mind what John Saxe says:

“It’s such a very serious thing
To be a funny man.”

Even if humor has perils that require watching, yet in a work-a-day world like that in which people live at present its sense and use require diligent cultivation, as there will always be worries in plenty that must be counteracted, sorrows that must be assuaged, and burdens that must be lifted from the hearts of people. Perhaps it is in this regard that the weekly supplements of the larger newspapers exhibiting “Gasoline Alley”, “Mr. Bungle”, “Andy Gump”, and “Bringing Up Father” render a real service. In these sketches a person may clearly see the interplay of foibles, luck, catastrophe, fortune, idiosyncrasies, and the freakishness of events. In making note of these things, one will easily come to realize that he has gazed too intently on the murky side of the cloud of trouble to allow him to catch even a glimpse of its cheerful silver lining. J. B. Reilly tells of this attitude on the part of man in a few of his happy lines:

“I wrote down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heartaches passed away
I read with smiles and not with tears.”

If one can turn upside down in the mere wink of an eye an entire peck of trouble and scatter it to the winds of laughter, he may well reckon this ability among his best possessions. With ease he will find it possible to live through the ennui of a rainy day, to dispel the gloom of a blue Monday, to counteract the traditional ill-luck of Fridays, and of Thirteenth and the Twenty-thirds of months. With what heroism and courage could he not bear

up with the real and grave troubles and trials of life, even with such a matter as death, as is exemplified in the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, who jokingly waved a halt as the headsman prepared to swing the ax and then carefully removed his beard out of reach of possible injury while saying, "That at least hath done no treason." St. Teresa, a model of sincere cheerfulness, was wont to draw courage in trials from the expression, "What God can do, God and Teresa surely can do."

Humor swings man aside from a one-sided appraisal of the occurrences incident to life, much as the force of a well-balanced wheel carries an engine past the dead center of its stroke. It divests difficulties from subjective exaggeration and disrobes the ugly "ego" of the trappings of conceit. False notions are always a dead weight on a man who is moving along the course of life, and in their place active, useful, serviceable forces must find their way. To permit this condition to obtain is the function of humor—"The Balance Wheel of Life".

W. F. Junk, '30

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us;
The very clouds move on.

—Heine—Book of Songs

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

—Charlotte Smith—Elegiac Sonnets

THREE WONDROUS WORDS

The words of sweetest meaning
To us poor mortals given,
Of purest, deepest feeling,
Are Mother, Home and Heaven.

The magic word of Mother
Revives in every heart,
True love and deepest fervor,
For that dear parent's part.

With home we all remember
Some happening of the past,
A June-day in the summer
Too beautiful to last.

We, tenderly, to heaven
Our earnest gaze extend,
And pray the God Almighty,
That our lives He will amend.

Of these three words of beauty
I know not which is best;
Two speak of love and happiness
And one of future rest.

I feel that heaven is dearest
And yet I cannot tell,
For Mother fills the heart with love
And home has charms as well.

So let the three united be,
Nor shall the tie be riven;
For words of thrilling melody,
Are Mother, Home and Heaven.

R. F. Joubert '31

THE KING OF RAILS

Tony, the chief engineer on track No. 5, the fastest run and most coveted route of the Southern California Railway system, was the idol of most of his railway associates. During the twenty years of his service as engineer his record was never marred by any serious accident. He was known to have eluded many calamities and disasters either by his swift and determined action in shifting the various levers that controlled the speed of his engine or by his calmness. Thus, by keeping his wits together in times of danger, Thomas Carrion, or Tony, as he was called on his run, in the roundhouse and even in restaurants by jolly waitresses, won for himself the appellation, "King of Rails".

This rightly deserved title, however, was an object of derision and outright envy to some of his fellow engineers who, because of their inability, were not favored with engine No. 999. Some of these men raised a protest because Tony had received the best run. Others mentioned that he had just mere luck in controlling his engine and that they could do the same if they could only be at the throttle of engine No. 999. These men, although their engines never were really derailed, were goaded on in their animosity by the fact that their engines were continually in need of repairs.

Ten years had already passed since Tony was promoted to this coveted route. During this stretch of time his engine had never careened into the ditch, and his five original coaches were still unmarred by scratch or dent. Twenty years without

a wreck was his record and only one more year was all that he needed to shatter the record of Jack Rodney, who, up to five years ago, ran nearly twenty-one years without an accident. Tony knew this, and so did others—friends of Rodney—who were still employed by this Railway Company. During Tony's twenty-year rise to fame these men, recalling bygone days when Jack was one of their number, remembered that they had sworn to be loyal to one another when Jack, who had been seriously wounded in an accident, had requested it with his dying breath in the twenty-first year of his service.

The popularity of Tony as an engineer stirred the baser elements in these men to such a degree that they finally recalled that this was Tony's twentieth unmarred year, and that Jack, their highly honored hero had kept his slate clean but one year in advance of this number.

Three weeks later, as Tony and Jim, his fireman, were pulling out of San Francisco, their last stop before reaching the roundhouse in Sacramento, Tony's face wore a big broad smile while he was listening to the cheerful words of Jim. The latter knew the aim of his partner and did everything in his power to help him obtain it. No move of Tony's escaped his notice; no lever was moved a notch higher or lower without the knowledge of both.

"Green-light," yelled Tony.

"Green-light," echoed from the other window to serve as Jim's test on the eyesight of his partner, "and according to schedule, we're five minutes behind time. Since we have the right of way, how about a little more speed?"

"All right," answered Tony, "let's see; it's fifty

miles to Sacramento, and we have five minutes to make up; that makes six seconds to save on every mile."

He stretched forth his large sinewy arm and raising the lever clamped it a notch higher. A sudden lurch forward was felt by all the passengers in the coaches. The slight unevenness of the tracks produced that swaying and soothing motion which makes riding agreeable. The wheels, hitting the jointed rails, clanked a different tune upon the passing of each coach. The night was clear and the wind whistled a merry tune as the strong iron horse raced along the road. The suction formed behind the observation platform stirred up the dust and smaller pebbles, and laying hold of the flowers bowed them down until their heads touched the ground, then losing its grasp allowed them to sway to and fro as if in wonder at what had taken place.

"I wouldn't trade this engine for a hundred just like it," yelled Tony, "I often wanted the opportunity to take it out on an open track to see what it could do."

"It sure is a snorter. I wouldn't mind if I had it myself," answered his partner.

"I wonder what the passengers —— ——— Jump!"

Crash! Over on its side went the engine and its tender, rooting up the ground as though it were snow. Bang! The steam-box, bursting, shot fire and scalding steam on the coaches that had already been derailed and were now strewn on both sides of the track. The red glowing coals scattered through the wreckage, fed and nourished by cushioned seats and splinters, caused a ghastly conflagration. Within a very short time, in place of the shiny coaches, a

heap of hot twisted iron and flaming wood was all that remained. Harsh words and moans of men; cries of injured and panic-stricken women; wails of little motherless children, together with the excited orders of the more fortunate trainmen, were heard above the crackling and the sizzling of the fire. A terrible sight! Dead, charred, and wounded bodies were scattered around. Trails of blood marked the route over which injured victims fled from the wreckage to places of safety.

Word of the wreck had immediately been sent to Sacramento where wrecking crews were on hand both day and night. One of these crews had already arrived on the scene of the disaster and was engaged in opening the track for the California Limited which was due in two hours. Numerous bodies were found within and beneath the overturned and charred coaches. Most of these had already been identified, but the bodies of Tony and his assistant were either among the unidentified or unfound.

The railway association, although grieved by its act, knowing the aim after which Tony was striving, put the blame on Tony because of his increased speed. As soon as the debris was cleared away, however, this accusation was withdrawn, for in the demolished rail which certain experts vouched to be the cause of the accident, two useless holes were discovered and nearby an iron cable was likewise found. This important discovery soon convinced the experts that the accident was due to some sinister motive.

When detectives, who had been called to clear up this new-born mystery could discover no clue to sabotage, affairs of the railway company con-

tinued in quite the same way as they had been going before the accident happened which had cost the life of Tony. Of course many of the employees regretted the absence of their favorite engineer. This was particularly the case in the roundhouse where locomotive No. 999 was no longer in evidence. But here as in other departments, work shoved ahead. Engines were cleaned and shifted about, burnt-out bearings were replaced by new ones, old trucks were discarded because a better make had come on the market. Everywhere cables were straining under heavy loads; loads that taxed them to capacity, could be seen gliding to and fro. Presently an over-loaded cable broke and put a halt to work throughout the place.

"Go to stall No. 10 and get that cable," ordered the boss.

One of the men immediately hurried to carry out the order. He soon returned, however, and stated that the cable was missing, perhaps mislaid.

"What, not there? Who in the world took it? Didn't I give orders that that cable was to be used only by Tony or my—? Hey! bring me that cable that was found out there along the tracks where that accident occurred," commanded the boss who suddenly showed himself very uneasy.

"There it is," answered one of the men who spied it hanging on the wall.

"Yes sir, that's it," growled the boss. "I'll find out yet who is guilty for that accident. Speak up! Who of you took this cable out of this roundhouse? —No one, eh? Well, who of you knows the addresses of Loan Charnney, John Rebnell, and Frank Bergen? I know now why these men quit work here shortly before the accident."

The addresses were quickly produced and wired to police headquarters. Pursuit followed, but it was futile. At each address empty rooms stared at all those who entered. The birds had flown.

Undismayed, however, by their repeated failures, the police, assisted by detectives in following clue after clue, finally located the men who were wanted in the wilds of the Appalachian mountains. When they discovered that the game was up, these men became desperate, and each put the blame on the other. After hours of sharp examining and cross-examining the following confession was finally forced from them:

"Five years ago we swore to Jack Rodney that we would be loyal to his fame. We noted with interest Thomas Carrion's climb to honor. He was not of our age and did not join our circle. We grew jealous of his triumphs and resolved to act. By agreement we chose the night and spot. Everything had been prepared before the engine was in sight. Immediately after the glare of the headlight of Tony's engine had passed over the destined spot, we pulled on the cable which was fastened through two holes drilled in the rail. The rail bent, leaving a gap in the track. Then, barely in time to escape detection, we fled to the mountains."

The punishment meted out to these men requires no mentioning, for there exists only one which can, and then only partially, atone for so outrageous a crime, prompted only by the green eye of jealousy—the supreme penalty.

E. B. Olberding, '30

MAY DAYS

Amid the deep blue sky, the first white ray
Of cheerful May's most glorious sun shines bright
Predicting once again a balmy day
To follow a delightful moonlit night.

But soon this white turns into gold all fair,
Diffusing amber light on hill and dale;
Elfe shadows seem to come from out the air;
And o'er the green the trees throw pictures frail.

The murmur of the bubbling brooklet there,
The hum by which the bees their toil confess;
The song of sportive birds in bush and air,
All join in one great feast of happiness.

The sunbeams travel down through cloudless sky
To join in game of chase with shadows gay;
Among the bright green leaves of trees near by,
All day they glow and sparkle in their play.

Old Earth is glad at this rathe time of year;
The days are blissful sweet beyond compare;
The cress, the rose, the lilac, all are here
To bid man take in May his welcomed share.

Wm. Pfeifer, '30

It's a modern home if the wife does her preserv-
ing in front of the kitchen stove.

MOTHER—

Your eyes were blue like morning skies;
Your ways were wondrous kind.
Your voice did soothe like summer sighs—
The dearest mother one could find.

Your step was that of angel fair,
And soft, as if from angel's feet.
Your brow, furrowed deep with care,
Was singularly sweet.

Through years you toiled life's road alone,
To me to give whate'er you might.
Until God called you to his throne,
To Whom you ever looked for light.

Though now you rest on distant shore,
Your love, your care with me abide;
And I in midst of ocean's roar
In them may still my hope confide.

Joseph N. Wittkofski, '32

SYMBOLS AND IMAGES IN POETRY

Perhaps the one characteristic of much present-day poetry which distinguishes it most acutely from that of the preceding era is its radical departure in the use of images, word pictures, concretions. Such a distinction may seem trivial as compared with the more obvious differences in the mechanical construction of verse, but if we remember that the depth of our experience in reading any poem is pro-

portionate to the vividness of the successive impressions received, we can appreciate the distinctive quality which the use of images gives to poetry. While length of line, use of rhyme, and rhythm are rather external properties, the employment of images and symbols constitutes, not a superficial adornment, but a structural and integral part of poetic thought. They are the result of the poet's nimble sense perceptions and are his concise, vivid modes of expression. Any new departure from the ordinary use of imagery would, therefore, result in a distinctive type of poetry. How, then, do poets differ in their use, and what results from such diversity?

First, as in all figures of speech, a poet may use an image as a symbol. By far the greatest number of memorable poets have so employed images; especially do we find this the case with the Victorians, who were ever intent on conveying some powerful moral precept in as subdued and figurative a way as possible. Look, for example, to Tennyson's "Palace of Art" or "In Memoriam", Elizabeth Browning's "A Musical Instrument", or almost any poem of Robert Browning, and you find that the symbols are the poem, that they constitute its very structure, that they carry and emphasize progressively the thought of the author.

But besides this intense practical thought-value of symbolism, there is of course an ever present appeal to the sense of beauty. To appreciate this, consider the sheer beauty of the images evoked in Shelley's "Skylark"—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

These are but two examples from an entire poem made up of exquisite symbolism.

In the appeal of poetic imagery, then, there is primarily the figurative beauty for which the poet chose the symbol; secondly, there is the beauty of the image just as an image, abstracting from its creative suggestion; and finally, one may add, there is the appropriateness of the image to its symbolic purpose. The carrying over of a poetic figure in all its phases, and the process of detecting and appreciating a series of symbols, constitutes the keen intellectual satisfaction and enjoyment of reading poetry. In fact, lines with nothing to recommend them but their symbolism may be enjoyed:

The fog comes
on little catfeet.

It sits looking
over the harbor and city
on silent haunches,
and then moves on.

In the words of Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, "this

would not be a poem at all if it were not for the vitality of the symbol used for the fog—the quietness of the cat.”

While poets of the past have made constant use of symbolism in all they wrote, recent years have seen the rise of a new school especially devoted to what is known as “Imagism”. The Imagists, instead of considering symbolism as of prime importance in poetical creation, stress rather the use of images merely as images stripped of all symbolic force. Their idea of a poem is “an image, or series of related images, presented in organic rhythm and suggesting a mood.” They seem to care less for plain earth-wisdom, the meaning of life, and suggestions that show the soul of a human being than for the production of “hard and clear” sense impressions. Imagist poetry, therefore, depends for its effects on our power to see, and hear, and smell the specific things portrayed by it. But this very property detracts from its poetical excellence. With over-emphasis on mere sense-impressionism, it lacks the rich suggestive overtones and inspirational power of the older poetry. It has undeniable beauty, but much of it is simply pretty. Its beauty does not lead the human spirit as far as does the beauty of symbolism: it does not stir us deeply; the most it does is throw us into a reverie.

Poetry built about the principle, “Art for art’s sake”—in truth, the basic principle of Imagism—, does not completely satisfy because it lacks ulterior significance. Beauty cannot truthfully be said to be its own excuse for being, nor can the search for beauty be made a profession. Imagists often seek in vain for beauty because they seek too intellectually,

too consciously. Clever verse may result but not true poetry. For example, says Wallace Stevens in "Tattoo":

"The light is like a spider,
It crawls over the water,
It crawls over the edges of the snow.
It crawls under your eyelids
And spreads its webs there—
Its two webs."

Casually read this sounds good enough, but when one attempts to analyze it, the vitality and spontaneity considered essential to good poetry are found lacking. Even Amy Lowell, the leader of the Imagists, writes:

"The cat and I
Together in the sultry night
Waited.
He greatly desired a mouse;
And, I an idea."

She must stray far afield in search of material, for her credo forbids her to use the common, mutually enjoyed things that are valuable chiefly because of their associations—things that because they are proper to all men cannot be coldly and clearly cut and defined, but only subtly suggested and then left to blossom and flower in the imagination of the individual. But Amy Lowell is an artist, though a conscious one. In her work she gives us "frosty designs of thought in clear glass", flashing patterns, delicate laces of silk-purple and scarlet, blue and gold. She does paint clearly and copiously, her love of sensuous beauty being often akin to that of Keats.

When she writes of an inn, as in "Hedge Island", we feel that we have been in that inn.

Perhaps the best imagist poetry has been given us by poets who are not Imagists. For example, the poem "Silver" by Walter de la Mare:

"Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver feathered sleep."

Millions have seen this silvery flood and longed to express it. Now it is poetry. Another example of a heartfelt lyrical use of images is Padraic Colum's "Old Woman of the Roads":

"O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall."

The poem expresses the homely sentiments of a poor, homeless old woman. The images used are all true pictures of things that belong in simple cottages. But, the images come very near to being symbols, as is the case in most good imagist poems. Very fine and beautiful poetry may result from the use of mere imagery, but a far more subtle skill is required if the poet is to give us a beautiful image and at the same time, a shaded suggestion of something greater, more ethical, more satisfying to the human soul.

Robert Nieset, '32

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published Monthly by the Students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Collegeville, Indiana.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year -----	\$1.50
Single Copies -----	\$.20
<hr/>	
Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. -----	Faculty Director

THE STAFF

Marcellus Dreiling, '30 -----	Editor
Francis Weiner, '30 -----	Assistant Editor
Earl Schmit, '30 -----	Exchange Editor
Thomas Durkin, '30 -----	Assistant Exchange Editor
Victor Pax, '30 -----	Locals
Cletus Kern, '31 -----	Library Notes
Robert Weis, '30 -----	Sports
John Baechle, '30 -----	Societies
Leon Frechette, '30 -----	Alumni Notes
Edward Miller, '30 -----	Humor Editor
<hr/>	
Edmund Binsfeld, '31	
Killian Dreiling, '30	
Robert Curtis, '30	} ----- Associate Editors
Virgil Van Oss, '30	
William Pfeifer, '30	
Thomas Clayton, '31	
Herman Reineck, '30 -----	Business Manager
Rouleau Joubert, '31 -----	Assistant Business Manager

EDITORIAL

How many are not the poets who have implored the help of their pet Muse while attempting to outline a picture of "Mother" in verse and rhyme? Their efforts though laborious were ephemeral in effect because, as each one in the run of time offered his production, another came on the scene with a totally different idea in his portrayal as to what the real nature of "Mother" should represent. Hence for centuries the best portrait of this the most important member of any and all family groups is still

embryonic, and leaves ample room for the best poetic efforts of future generations of poets.

We, who feel that sufficient keenness of mind and power of imagination are wanting to us to allow an essay on our part to picture the meaning of "Mother" with any degree of truthfulness will have to content ourselves with the mere expression of feeling towards her who holds so important a relation towards us. Yet, if it were even possible to give complete expression to these feelings, our efforts would surely be worth while with respect to this matter.

But why are most attempts at expression in regard to this matter futile? Is the subject so comprehensive as to defy analysis? These questions can be met with the simple answer that a person always finds it impossible to give adequate expression of a feeling of truly great love. Is "Mother" not the object of a truly great love? Does not every normal human being cherish the love of "Mother"? The child rushes to her for consolation; the youth seeks her advice; the grown-up man tries to requite her in her old age for all the sacrifices which she has made in his behalf.

It is in the days of early childhood, when the sands of life have hardly begun to flow through the hour-glass, that a Mother impresses her children, who are as yet scarcely able to recognize the fact, with those deeds of kindness and self-sacrifice so natural to her. What love and anxiety, what attachment and self-denial are not reflected in her unequalled solicitude? When the little maladies and petty troubles of frail childhood first manifest themselves, it is the gentle caress of a kind Mother that brings

relief and comfort to her child? And as the child grows, it finds in the stories that Mother told, in the prayers she whispered, and in the advice that she gave, models for conduct and for right living—models that serve as heavenly warnings never to stray from the right pathway in the course of life. As for herself, every Mother finds the best inducement to meet her duties, outside of the impulse given her by natural love, in the model set to her by the great and immaculate Mother of Christ. It is through the inspiration coming from this heavenly model, that a Mother's deeds of kindness turn into polished gems of true maternal love—gems that serve not merely as a decoration to the life of a child, but surround that life with a glow of holiness.

When childhood advances into youth, the tenderness and care of "Mother" continue undiminished. It is she who shapes the character, directs the vocation, and moulds the destiny of the child committed to her charge. Hers is the hand that guides the wavering feet of weak youth. Of course her work as protector becomes at times disgusting and tiresome. But does she yield to discouragement? No, with renewed effort and increasing love, with that great sympathy proceeding from an all-knowing heart she corrects sweetly and reprimands mildly the unending misdemeanors of youth, and thus by her native wisdom and maternal direction she lays the foundation for that all-important quality in youth, namely, character.

In the years of manhood, the most engaging and comforting retrospect centers in the memory of a kind Mother's love. It is an unforgettable vestige of days filled with happiness. Happy indeed is the

man for whom the greatest treasure in life is the memory of a true Mother's love—a love not dead, but always alive which by its influence and example will be for him a pleasure, an inspiration, and an encouragement.

EXCHANGES

Writing up the Exchanges has come to a situation where we find not a little difficulty in choosing the publications that are to be commented upon. Oh yes—we who write this column can easily remember the time when picking out the various issues was only a matter of spreading all the mail on a large table and blindly selecting five or six copies. This method not only saves a lot of bother but also avoids that natural tendency of selecting only the finer editions at first and leaving those of less consequence for later reference. Then again, sometimes it happens that journals which we intend to comment on in the near future, for some reason or other, fail to make their appearance during that particular month, and again all attempts are frustrated. If any Exchange Editor has a more feasible plan for this affair, his suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

This month again brings many of our best Exchanges in the form of Quarterlies, upon whose colorful covers are written the words, "Spring Edition". For those who enjoy good poetry, and plenty of it, we would point to the DIAL, a masterpiece in that form of literature, to say the least. Under the scholarly pen of Remi Gassman, the editor, is compiled in one splendid edition the inspirations of various capable poets.

And now, coming to the VISTA, a campus sheet from Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio, it is only necessary to make the following brief remarks: Very few papers can boast of receiving medals from an association such as the Columbia Scholastic Press. The points of merit that brought this honor to the staff are again outstanding in this edition. One of the first objects that strikes the eye on opening the paper, is the picture of Bishop Stritch. On perusing the writeup below, however, we find that the article might be a trifle more pleasing in quality of writing. The desired Easter effect would be much more enhanced by the addition of a number of both Easter and seasonal poems.

A new "bound edition" has recently arrived from Montpelier Seminary, Vermont. In it is found a number of short stories which are indeed short, but nevertheless worthy of praise. Only one poem, and that written by an Alumnus of the class of '89 graces the pages. We feel that the students of Montpelier Seminary could write excellent poems also. Then, too, give us some essays. Your manner of writing shows that you are perfectly able to do it. The joke column and many of the cuts found in this journal give evidence of a pleasing sense of humor.

THE HOUR GLASS of St. Mary's Kansas, being the "little brother" of the DIAL, naturally carries with him a refined literary tinge. But this is only self evident, because, look what a high standard his "big brother" sets for him. Articles of worth are sprinkled here and there from page to page. The poem "Just a Minute" written both in Latin and English, is of unique character and would most probably be best

understood only by the students of the College who are acquainted with the "particulars". The Sport Section of this campus sheet is a very fitting example of how smoothly these write-ups can be handled. We would advise an additional poem or so.

In the Spring Number of THE GOTHIC, published by the Seminarians of the Sacred Heart in Detroit, is contained the standard of publication, which, as a rule, only exists in theory. Poems galore! and especially so under the title of, "Our Lyrists". The two poems "Spring Tide", and "To a Song Sparrow" deserve most credit. If anyone thinks that it is easy to write editorials, let him try to handle something that is rather thread-bare and bring it along side those under the title of "Editorial Comment". An especially interesting title is, "The Play of Plays".

A thorough digest is given in this essay of the decennial Passion Play at Oberammergau. Added to this, a striking contrast is made between this real tragedy and our modern artificial Hippodrome in New York. It would take pages to comment on the remainder of this deluge of all that makes up good, readable literature. Carry on!

St. Mary's High School, Sandusky, Ohio, can certainly be proud of THE BELL. Having received honors in two National Newspaper Contests reflects ample proof as to the untiring efforts of the staff. Concerning delicacy of Expression, Spencer says, "It is originality; it is cleverness; it is nimbleness of wit and beauty of phrase; it is grace; it is simplicity; it is restraint; it is tact." THE BELL contains a certain delicacy of expression all its own and avoids using trite expressions—the same kind of story, issue after issue. This edition contains the two essentials

of newswriting, namely, accuracy and interest, in a very high degree. The staff possesses that ability to recognize news, which newspaper slang terms as the "nose for news". All the important features are well played up in the lead. In conclusion, we would suggest a few poems.

Other Exchanges recently received are:

AURORA, BLACK AND RED; BLUE AND WHITE; BROWN AND WHITE; BURR; CALVERT NEWS; CEE AY; CENTRIC; CHRONICLE; COLLEGIAN; COUNSELOR; DE PAUL PREP; DIAL; FIELD AFAR; FRAM; GOOD NEWS; HIGHLIGHTS AND SHADOWS; INKLINGS; LOOK-A-HEAD; LOYOLA; NOTRE DAME NEWS; OLIVIA; PACIFIC STAR;; PERISCOPE; PILGRIM; PURPLE AND WHITE RATTLER; RED AND BLUE; RED AND WHITE; RENSSELAERIEN; SPOTLITE; ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER; TOWER; V. A. LIFE; VICENTIAN; WAG; and the WENDELETTE.

LIBRARY NOTES

In the days when gentlemen adventurers like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake with their armies of thousands of merchant adventurers sought wealth and fame in the New World, many lives were lost simply for the chance of fortune and adventure. But present day travelers in quest of recreation, pleasure, and education incur no risks as in former times, and spend comparatively little for their comfort and the insurance of their safety. It may also be recalled that the most ordinary journey from one location to another was an adventure in the lives

of our ancestors, and that too one fraught with many possibilities of peril. Indeed, so burdensome and ominous was travel in those times that nobody indulged in it except out of sheer necessity. But now travel is one of the greatest, if not the greatest of amusements because it can be enjoyed at any time of life, and always refreshes and informs the mind, while it recreates the body. The more civilized people become, the more they yearn to move away from their habitat and discover new contacts and new sympathies in unfamiliar regions. West travels toward East, and East toward West, and they speak to each other in passing, thereby finding more in the world at large to make life livable.

Today, indeed, travel is one of the most interesting and most instructive of the many ways and means of spending a vacation. It increases one's acquaintance with different peoples, places, and customs, and in wandering about through seats of ancient lore and fable one is for the first time made aware of the existence of many points of interest that were before nonentities or things existing only in the imagination. Travel is likewise a means of "finding oneself"; for in meeting many different types of people the traveler will naturally compare their mode of acting with his own, and he is thus enabled to detect many of his faults and shortcomings. As James Russell Lowell once remarked, "The wise man travels to discover himself." The much-traveled man is cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, a man of culture and refinement who is at home anywhere. It is for this reason that many universities have introduced into their curriculums a system of travel courses in which the students arrange for the tour

of certain countries or peoples and make a special study of their modes of living and how they compare one with another.

For those who for some reason or other cannot indulge in actual travel as they might wish, vicarious experience may be resorted to, and thus a certain amount of satisfaction will surely be found. Indeed, it may be for some a keener source of delight and pleasure to sit quietly in their easy chair and read about distant lands and their enchantment than actually to undergo the difficulties which must naturally accompany extensive travel. Sitting in a study one may sail away in fancy on journeys just as glorious and adventuresome as those of any of the old-time buccaneers. The author, who most probably has made a comparatively thorough study of his subject, is able to detect more of the peculiarities and distinctive characteristics of the inhabitants of a particular country than the pleasure seeker depending entirely upon a guide who has one aim in view and that to fulfill his mission as quickly as possible and to collect his regular fee. The tyro in travel, knowing little about the secrets of the land or of its famous buildings and temples must be content with the passing knowledge that he has gained from casual observation. He is hurried by a schedule which limits his inspection tour of Westminster Abbey to a few hours, when a thorough study of this unfathomable sea of the world's riches would require weeks. However, the man who travels in bookland, can take his time, stopping wherever he wishes to take another good look at something of interest that he has just passed through.

Hence let us browse through travel shelves 910,

in our local library, taking our time to stop wherever we will, and see just what books of this nature we have at our disposal. Immediately we pick up "Memories of Travel" by James Bryce, which gives his impressions of Iceland, the mountains of Hungary and Poland, the Holy Land, and the scenic beauties of North America, in an interesting and instructive manner. A two volume biography of this author gives us a glimpse of all the world through his sojournings. Another interesting collection, without which no library can be called complete, is John L. Stoddard's "Lectures" which impart to us an extensive and comprehensive knowledge of nearly every country on the map. Similar in nature are the "Travelogues" of Burton Holmes. Each volume is profusely illustrated with scenes and panoramic views of famous cities, buildings, and spots of adoration throughout the world.

In our travels by book through some particular country, let us say Spain, we have as our guides such books as, "The Spaniard at Home" by Mary Nixon-Roulet, "Sun and Shadow in Spain" by Maude Howe, and "In Quest of El Dorado" by Stephen Graham. These books afford us a leisurely "take-your-time" trip through this romantic country of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But one who is not so leisurely inclined may take a more cursory view of "Spain in Silhouette" by Trowbridge Hall, or ride with Frank Rimington in his "Motor Rambles Through France". There is hardly a country in all Europe that has not been glorified by some one who has traveled through and found this land the veritable Utopia of his dreams. Thus we have the "Romance of Old Belgium", "The Spell of Italy", "An Indian Journey",

"So You're Going to Rome", "Algeria from Within", "Holland", and "China" to mention only a few of the more popular examples at our disposal. And for the lovers of Belloc's witticisms we find "The Four Men" dealing with England and its customs, and "The Path to Rome". Nor is there any obligation for the air-minded to stick to this clumsy old earth of ours, for he can soar to unexplored heights with Lindbergh, or live through the World War again, this time while sailing through "the blue" with the "Red Knight of Germany", Baron Manfred von Richthofen, following in a thrilling manner his accomplishments that won for him the title, "Ace of Aces".

Many, however, may still be unconvinced of the real pleasure and literary entertainment that a book of travel offers to its sympathetic readers. It is not the purpose of these notes to give a list of books that cannot be surpassed, but it is desired only to suggest a new field for the reader who has as yet failed to delve into the secrets of this interesting study. The best way to convince oneself of the relative merit of a book is to read it and pass criticism upon it. And this we heartily recommend, for after all, "The proof of the pudding is in the tasting."

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.
—Lucy Larcom—The Sister Months

O May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion,—sweeter days are thine!
—Helen Hunt Jackson—Verses

LONGING

Oh! there's a strange soothing balm
On my fluttering heart,
Whenever I view the deep blue skies,
For there soft cloudlets calm
In golden raiment clad
Beyond their trail a great mystery lies
Speed their fleecy course along.
To which my thoughts in reverence turn,
And fleet with the frail wings of swallows high
They seek to travel there.
Oh! is it thunder or a heavenly voice
That speaks in this skyey cry
And bids me come?
Yes, I would soar aloft
To that mysterious eerie lair
Where all is light and thrilling joy,
But, alas! my feet to this earthly clod hold fast.
The voice is gone;
The cry, an echo now:
Some other mystery clasps me in its chain,
Of which, they say, 'tis life
That holds me in its iron bands,
Until the might of Him Who made it
Will rive its cruel bands entwain.

J. F. Szaniszlo, '31

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The advancement of the C. L. S. towards its literary goal is evinced not only in its public programs, but also in its meetings and private programs. Due to a constant co-operation between the officers and members, these meetings are resulting in the general betterment of the society, for the principles of Parliamentary Law, as learned during the ten-minute quizzes preceding the private programs, are being applied rather efficiently by the president, together with the rest of the society.

The interesting and well written minutes of the society as recorded by Victor Pax are of the same high standard as those of the first part of the school year. The reports of the other officers and committees are also very praiseworthy.

By his criticisms, though at times somewhat caustic, Marcellus Dreiling is succeeding in arousing the members to expend more time and effort in preparing for the private programs. As a result the debates are well chosen and executed, the readings and dialogues are of a choice type and well presented. Some of the members have even taken enough interest and initiative to present excellent one-act plays.

Thus, even the regular meetings and private programs of the C. L. S. attest its steady advancement towards perfection. To culminate the fine work of the year, the C. L. S. will present "The Morning After" on the eve of Graduation.

NEWMAN CLUB

We regret that since this issue of the Collegian

must go to press before the presentation of the Newman Club's play, "All Night Long", scheduled for Sunday, May 4, no review of this comedy can be made until the June issue of the Collegian. If rumors can be trusted, however, then this play will be a big 'hit', for its cast includes some who have already proved their dramatic ability, and others who are anxiously awaiting this opportunity to make their debuts as actors on the local stage.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit has recently been honored with two more Palladin Leaders. Francis Gengler was honored with this distinction for having completed a series of three Round Table Study Club courses; and in appreciation of his distinguished services the president, Bela Szemetko, was elected for enrollment in this leadership. Besides these two, the Unit already had two such leaders, namely, the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Knue, and John Lefko who received this honorary title for having been the Unit's delegate to the last General Convention of the C. S. M. C.

At the April meeting of the D. M. U. the members were again entertained by a set of instructive stereopticon mission slides, entitled, "Jesuit Martyrs of North America". Thomas Durkin delivered the accompanying lecture in a very commendable manner. At this meeting two interesting talks on the activities of the Round Table Study Club were given by John Talbot Spalding and Charles Scheidler.

The new "Song of the D. M. U." was introduced by a choral group accompanied by an orchestra composed of members of the Unit. The song was received

with the hearty applause of the members which, as it is hoped, will find a responsive echo in successive meetings.

A long wished for event is about to materialize for the D. M. U. and that is the presentation of a three act mission play, "In This Sign" to be given on May 17.

RALEIGH CLUB

On Sunday, April 6, a set of some forty "Rookies" was made full-fledged members of the Raleigh Club. Those who survived the initiation were rewarded by being allowed to break into the movies in their goat-butted togs on a local Cine Kodak. The increase in membership found the seating capacity of the smoking grove somewhat inadequate. Four new benches with backs were therefore placed at a convenient part of the grove. New cinder-paved paths were also found desirable. The work of making these additional necessities was cheerfully borne by the rookies as part of their initiation.

In the past the club room was often crowded by unwelcome guests who were bold enough to enter without paying dues, and without even asking admittance. These uninvited guests, buzzing flies, s(t)inging mosquitoes, various types of moths and beetles and sometimes even stray bees and wasps have now been barred admittance by the installation of a complete set of bronze screens. New shades also grace the windows.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

A large audience was assembled in the College auditorium on Sunday, May 27. As the orchestra

took its place in the pit, silence reigned. As the baton of the conductor gave the signal with a downward stroke the sonorous tones of the cello and basses broke the silence and ushered in one of the world's greatest masterpieces, Shubert's "Unfinished Symphony". While the somber opening phrase was still vibrating, the violins and lighter strings responded. The more robust voices of the brass and reed sections poured forth their melody, until the gentle but insistent rhythm was again repeated. As the theme changed color, new movements were introduced. Now followed passionate outbursts of the orchestra's fullest strength; then the spiritual sadness—so eminent in Shubert—appeared, only to find relief in the next movement. The last refrain seemed to speak the resignation of the composer. The progressions of this masterpiece are so varied that they run the entire gamut of the human emotions.

This grand symphony opened the annual musicale, which was staged by the college choral groups and orchestra combined. As the curtain was raised, the song of the landmen opened the humerous and well-developed operetta, "Captain Van der Hum" or "The Rollicking Tars". This musical comedy is based on a nautical theme. The book was written by Maude E. Inch with music by Rys-Herbert.

The story centers about a bold pirate who frequently terrorized a small seaport. To rid the town of this scourge, a governmental detachment is sent in charge of the coxswain of the captain's gig of the revenue cutter. It is through the pirate's ingenuity of playing the part of a woman that these plans are foiled. Only after some embarrassing situations for the coxwain is an agreement made between the

pirate and the crew. A mutual admiration of pirate and coxwain is followed by a lively chorus, and the operetta ends with Van der Hum making his tracks for freedom.

That the operetta was a success is beyond doubt. It met with such favorable results not only because of its many song "hits", but also because the directors and the participants have shown exceptional eagerness and have sacrificed much time to "put it across".

To mention singly the credit due each individual would be a great task, yet a remark on some of the leading characters is well in place. Virgil Van Oss, as the pirate Van der Hum, and Charles Baron, the outwitted coxwain, played their roles exceptionally well. J. Kraus and B. Szemetko who were representative landsmen, brought many a laugh from the audience. H. Uhrich and F. Cardinali, soloists, also made a fine showing. The latter two with M. Dreiling and R. Roster formed the quartette which sang the pleasing song "Sail, Ship, Sail". The dancing scene was especially enjoyed. The lithe forms of the dancers, E. Binsfeld and S. Tartar, cut many capers for the delight of the audience.

The vocal number that was enjoyed greatly was the humorous song, "You Blarney Me". Baron, as the coxwain, and Van Oss, as the pirate who assumed the guise of a coquette, sang the song to perfection.

Above all, credit is due to the directors, Father Omlor and Professor Tonner. To stage successfully a show like the one in question requires a great amount of work, and it is for this reason that the "hit" made by the operetta redounds to their credit.

The spectacle was highly pleasing. The singing

as well as the musical accompaniment were rendered in good fashion. The opening number was played by the entire college orchestra. In this symphony the orchestra was at its best. The select group which furnished the music for the operetta runs no seconds for honors, since its accompaniment added the necessary effect.

May such a pageant as "Captain Van der Hum" be soon staged here again.

ALUMNI NOTES

Centuries ago when Rome was the mistress of the world it was said that all roads lead to Rome, and that it mattered nothing on which "via" one might start the end of the journey would always be that wonderful old mother city. In quite the same sense for the Alumni of St. Joseph's all roads must lead to Collegeville on the Annual Home Coming Days, the thirteenth and fourteenth of May, 1930. Come along, everyone of you, who are known to be the "old boys"! Breathe again deeply and cheerfully of that atmosphere in and about the halls of St. Joseph's that was so familiar to you in former years. You are not only WELCOMED by your Alma Mater, you are WANTED! Come by airplane, come by the Monon Limited, come by a 1930 Rambler, but the one thing to do and to remember is COME. You are expected here at St. Joseph's, and disappointments will not be accepted.

The Alumni baseball game will again be in order as one of the features of amusement. The local students are anxious to lick you, "old boys", or will be

anxious to take a licking from you, but just let there be a game. The other varieties of amusement that will obtain may be noted on the invitation cards that will be sent to you. Don't lay these cards aside and say that you have no time. No, let it be come or bust!

We have learnt that an alumnus of 1899, the Rev. Felix Seroczynski, will celebrate his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood on May 11. Heartfelt felicitations to you, Father Seroczynski, for a most happy celebration on that occasion. May our good Lord grant you many more years of able and successful service in the employment that you have in charge. The Collegian extends profoundly sincere wishes to you for God's choicest blessings.

We are more than mildly pleased to observe that Mr. Thomas Corcoran, '29, the editor of the Collegian of last year, has contributed a most praiseworthy story to the Tiny Tribune. The story has awakened more interest among us, his old pals, than the plays of Shakespeare could ever do. Of course we as students of St. Joseph's wish you every success, Thomas, in your undertaking to become a highly-paid short story writer, but we wonder how many "minus signs" you placed under the \$15.58 that was received as a reward for your recent contribution in order to bring that sum down to \$4.26 as a remainder. We should appreciate it deeply if at some future time you would make use of the space devoted to this column to inform all the Alumni of your mathematical subtlety.

Whatever happens to be your business on May the thirteenth and fourteenth, Alumni, don't forget the Home Coming Celebration. A grand and good old time awaits you.

IN MEMORIAM

While the joyful alleluias of Easter yet filled the air, there came a note of sorrow saddening the students, for on April 22, death summoned Joseph Dunbar, a member of the local Fifth Class.

More than a month ago he suffered a severe attack of rheumatism. After spending a few days at the college infirmary, he was again able to resume his regular duties. A relapse, however, set in, and he was obliged once more to discontinue his classes. His condition grew worse gradually and it became necessary to take him to St. Elizabeth's hospital at Lafayette. Here he grew weaker and weaker until death ended his intense suffering on Easter Tuesday. Though he suffered the severest pain for many weeks, he bore his cross in silence and resignation to the will of his Master.

Last September he came to St. Joseph's to continue his studies which he began at Techny, Ill. December 12 was a happy day for him when he was invested with a cassock. That day reflected brightly the hope that he would one day be a priest of the Most Precious Blood. But the Lord had other plans, and before many months had passed He called him to Himself.

By his quiet and unassuming disposition, by frank and cheerful smiles, in a short time he won the esteem of his associates. The earnestness and perseverance with which he performed all his tasks indicated a successful career in the vocation to which he was called. It is with deep regret that we bid so early a farewell to a cheerful friend and loyal companion whom we had but recently found.

To his father, brother, and sister who survive him the students of St. Joseph's extend sincere sympathy. May he rest in peace!

REMINISCENCE

Gone are the days that I cherished so dear;
Sweet happy hours that about me so clear
Send hopeful messages ever untold;
Memories always that 'round me unfold.

Many the joys, also many the tears
I have experienced in those brief years;
Never again shall I feel the caress
That in my mem'ry I always possess.

Sweet all the kisses my mother conferred;
I was unworthy, yet somehow deserved;
Taking with worship I would not deter
Those little tokens when coming from her.

Fewer and fewer are all souvenirs;
One never knows until lost are the years;
Mother of mine, how my heart longs to tell
All the affections that in it there dwell.

If we now cherish our mother so dear
Surely God's love will add many a year;
All will be happy and none will be sad,
If we remember the mother we've had.

Raymond Halker, '30

LOCALS

Three of the venerable sisters residing at Collegeville, Sister M. Afra, Sister M. Marcellina, Sister M. Valentina, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their entrance into religious life, on April 7. A large part of these twenty-five years was spent at St. Joseph's, Sister Afra being at this institution fourteen years, and Sister Marcellina and Sister Valentina about ten years.

In view of the many favors and sacrifices the Sisters have performed in our behalf, we, the students of St. Joseph's, take this opportunity to extend to the jubilarians our heartiest congratulations and sincere wishes for future success and happiness.

With exams resting securely in the land of memories, St. Joseph's observed Holy Week in all its solemnity. This institution is particularly fortunate in that the beautiful ceremonies of this season can be carried out in their entirety. The blessing of palms, the tenebrae, the sad services of Good Friday, and the triumphant joy of Holy Saturday—all inspired sublime feelings and emotions that proclaim the passion of Christ to be the greatest drama ever enacted.

Although the preceding day was filled with sunshine, Easter morning dawned dismally cold, and before the day was done the gloom gave way to rain. Easter Sunday, though ruined by the activities of old man Weather, was not entirely devoid of enjoyment, for in the evening everybody stepped out with the Duke in the attractive film sponsored by the Collegian.

Easter Monday—another beloved free day—is a day long to be remembered by the class of '32. At exactly twelve o'clock the members of the Fourth Class sat to a first class banquet in Hotel Makeever's spacious dining halls, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion in the gold and purple colors of the class.

Each student was provided with a hand painted program, prepared by the class artist, Larry Ernst. After the toastmaster, John Lefko, had invited everyone to have a good time, a fancy dinner was served.

Toward the end of the dinner large streamers began floating about the hall. Then followed short talks by class president, Charles Maloney, and other members of the class, while Richard Smith and Alex Leiker entertained with songs. Even "Pop" Storch, strange as it seems, tried his throat at singing.

The grand affair formally closed with the distribution of letters to the members of the Academic basket ball team who had brought home the class's first pennant.

Anthony Rieno, former member of the class who spent Easter at St. Joe, attended as the guest of his old classmates.

The Rainbow Flower Club, on April 9, had the pleasure of listening to an interesting talk on forest conservation by Father Albin Scheidler. St. Joseph's in recent years has taken a very active interest in forestry. This spring alone more than two thousand trees were planted. Thirty students practically all of whom are members of the second class, received certificates of membership from the American Tree Association, on April 24. To enter the association it

was necessary that a tree be planted, which the students did under the direction of Father Albin. To those who have received certificates the Collegian extends its congratulations and expresses the hope that the trees may grow strong and tall, so that in future years when these students return to the scenes of their former activities they may look with pride upon the trees they planted years ago.

To Joseph Shaw, who was recently saddened by the death of his father, the students of St. Joseph's extend kindest sympathy.

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: J. Kraus 97 2-7; M. Dreiling 97 2-7; W. Junk 96 6-7; D. Nolan 94 3-7; J. Connor 92 1-7.

Fifths: T. Clayton 94 4-7; L. Cross 93 2-7; B. Dreiling 92 2-7; J. Maloney 92 1-7; B. Shenk 91 2-3.

Fourths: M. Meyers 96 5-7; R. Nieset 95 1-7; C. Maloney 94 6-7; C. Schuerman 94 2-7; H. Schnurr 92 4-7.

Thirds: R. Dery 99 5-8; M. Vichuras 97 5-6; R. Leonard 95 2-3; C. Robbins 94 5-8; W. Egolf 94 2-3 J. Zink 94 2-3.

Seconds: J. Allegeier 98 1-3; T. Buren 98 1-5; W. Conces 96 3-5; A. Horrigan 96 3-5; C. Bowling 96; J. Jacobs 96.

Firsts: J. Klinker 96; F. Heydinger 95 3-5; V. Budzin 94 3-5; V. Herman 94 3-5; U. Kuhn 94 1-5.

From Collegian 1901

"While St. Joseph's was celebrating her tenth anniversary at the beginning of this scholastic year it was the first time that an alumni team had an op-

portunity to play against an S. J. C. team. It was plainly proved that the game progressed faster than age; and the college team came out on top by a score of 18-15". The same to you on the thirty ninth scholastic year, Alumni!

From Collegian 1909

"Electric Plans.—Although we have been receiving the best of service from the Rensselaer powerhouse which until lately furnished light for the College, we are pleased to have now a plant of our own. It is slightly more economical, and we now have light at all hours. Brother Henry Olberding, our genial and willing engineer, is more than able to take care of it, and he enjoys to do so, especially since he has been provided with a new office from which he may give or withhold light and power just as he pleases." —Twenty one years have passed since Brother Henry got his new office. Seven years ago he began to wear out his second one which is in the new powerhouse. He still has the power to "give or withhold light just as he pleases".

Read the History of St. Joe by those who made it in the Collegian and the Cheer. Also interesting articles written by our professors and by famous Alumni when they were students as we are now. Don't miss the Society Notes nor the Military Notes—they're interesting!

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

TEAM	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	1	0	1000
Seconds -----	1	0	1000
Fourths -----	0	1	000
Thirds -----	0	1	000
Fifths -----	0	0	000

At the early date of this writing, St. Joe's baseball season has scarcely begun. Two Senior league games, one Academic League game, and two Junior League games have been played. From all indications, however, St. Joe will have a snappy season.

SECONDS SWAMP THIRDS 13-4

In the first game of the season at St. Joe, the Seconds whipped the Thirds in seven innings by a 13 to 4 score. Although the Seconds scored thirteen runs they had but six hits, two of which were three-baggers. These runs, moreover, can be accounted for by eleven errors of the Thirds. Pitcher Kirchner of the Seconds had ten strike-outs to his credit, whereas Selhorst and Vichuras of the Thirds each had two strike-outs. The Seconds scored two runs in the first inning to keep the lead throughout the entire game.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R.	H.
Seconds -----	2	0	2	2	3	4—	13	6
Thirds -----	0	0	1	1	1	1—	4	6

SIXTHS AND FOURTHS IN CLOSE CONTEST

In what proved to be a closely contested battle, the Sixths won from the Fourths by a score of 1 to 0.

With Sal Dreiling back in his old form, the Sixths had not very much trouble for the Fourths were unable to hit Sal's ball. Fourteen of the sixteen men that faced Sal took the third strike. Cardinali was the only Fourth year man to help wear out the bags for he produced the Fourths' only hit of the game. The Seniors although receiving seven hits, were unable to hit at the correct time except in the second round when a hit by Van Oss scored Vanecko from second for the winning run of the game.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	R.	H.
Sixths -----	0	1	0	0	0—1		7
Fourths -----	0	0	0	0	0—0		1

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

Behind the fast pitching of Pank Elder, the Seconds opened the Academic season with a victory over the Sixths by a score of 8 to 3. The entire game, however, was a pitchers battle and a mess of errors. A hit by Elder and one by Grady were the total hits of the game. Thirteen strike-outs are to the credit of Frechette and eleven to the credit of Elder. Considering all, however, the Seconds may be said to have played the better game.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R.	H.
Sixths -----	1	1	0	1	0	0—3		0
Seconds -----	0	1	0	1	4	2—8		2

JUNIOR NOTES

PREP-STEPPERS STEP OVER NIFTY KNOCKERS

The Prep-Steppers under the direction of Coach

Maloney started toward Pennantville on Easter Sunday when they knocked down Coach Kirchner's Nifty Knockers in a hard fought 10 to 5 battle. The third inning was the bad inning for the Nifty Knockers who allowed five Prep-Steppers to cross the rubber. Mgr. Gannon, holding the mound position for the Prep-Steppers, struck-out seven Nifty Knockers, whereas Zirnheld of the Nifty Knockers put the third strike over for six Prep-Steppers.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	R.	H.
Nifty Knockers -----	1	2	0	1	1—	5	7
Prep-Steppers -----	0	3	5	2	x—	10	6

CUBS TROUNCE EAGLES

Making use of their bats, the Cubs out-slugged the Eagles in a 12 to 1 scrap on April 23. The game was scoreless until the fourth inning when three hits and three errors resulted in five runs for the Cubs. The Eagles, however, did not score until the eighth inning when Owens scored from second on a hit by Barton. Errors seemed to be more than plentiful, especially on the part of the Eagles. The big feature of the game was the manner in which Schulze struck-out nineteen Eagles while thirteen Cubs registered the third strike.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.
Cubs -----	0	0	0	5	1	1	0	3	2—	12	11
Eagles -----	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—	1	1

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

INDIANY

The weather we're havin' now
Is pretty dog-on-bad I'll 'llow,
But it ain't nuthin' like we had
When I was still a spry young lad.
Remember back in eighty two
When I was on the wreckin' crew,
It snowed so hard the trains stood still;
And ol' Frank Acres closed the mill
Jist 'cause the pond was froze clear through.
And ol' Bill Westerton's canoe
Got ice-bound while he was adrift.
Now that was June the twenty fifth.
I reckon how ol' Isaac Oats
That day did sell more overcoats
As ever he had done before.
Why folks jist emptied out his store.
It was so cold jist b'low the hill
The jin nigh froze up in the still.
But now there's nothin' you should fear
When things 'pear like they do this year.
What if there'd be a frost in May,
Or if 't should chance to snow all day!
Rejoice—don't make a big adoo
'Taint half Indiany can do!!!

V. P. '30.

Mandy: Whaffer you all got dem bedsprings on
yo' stove?

Liza: Don't you all know that hot springs is
good fo' rheumatiz?

Daughter: No, Daddy I won't need any new clothes this fall.

Father: Heaven save us! I was afraid it would come to that.

Johnny was in the habit of swearing mildly when anything happened that did not please him. One day the minister heard him and said to him: "Johnny don't you know that it is wrong to swear? Why, every time I hear you a cold chill runs down my back."

"Gee," said Johnny, "If you had been at my house the other day when my dad caught his nose in the clothes wringer, you'd have froze to death."

Junkman: Any rags, paper, old iron?

Man of the house (angrily): No my wife's away.

Junkman: Any bottles?

Overheard in the locker room.

Graber: I've got a camel's hair brush.

Sanger: Why don't you smoke good ones and you won't have to brush them before using?

"Dear doctor, my pet billygoat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shapere. What do you prescribe?"

Answer: "Am sending Literary Digest by return mail."

A Maryland school ma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar.

"Now, Johnny," she said, "in what tense do I speak when I say, 'I'm beautiful?' "

The little fellow made a quick reply: "The past!"

Chemistry Prof: Name three articles containing starch.

Busemeyer: Two cuffs and a collar.

"The time will soon come when women will get men's wages," bellowed the orator.

"Yes," muttered a melancholy voice from the rear of the room. "Next Saturday night."

Farmer (to druggist): Now be sure an' write plain on them bottles which is for the Jersey cow an' which is for my wife. _I don't want nothin' to happen to that Jersey cow."

Rastus: Is dat lovelight what Ah sees shinin' in yo' eyes, honeylamb?

Liza: Lovelight, nothin'! Yo' jest watch yo' step, niggah. Dats mah stoplight.

Old Uncle Eben Jones went into a life insurance office and requested a policy.

"Why, Uncle," said the president, "you are too old for us to take the risk. How old are you?"

"Ninety-seven come next August," said the old man and added testily, "If you folks will take the trouble to look up your statistics, you'll find that mighty few men die after they're ninety-seven."

"Can you drive with one hand?" asked the girl in a gentle voice.

"You bet I can," replied the young man eagerly.

"Then have an apple," answered the sophisticated young creature.

"Do your hens 'sit' or 'set'?" asked the summer tourist of the farmer's wife.

"I'm not concerned about that," said she, "when the hens cackle what I want to know is, are they laying or lying."

A geometric tourist on being asked what a detour was, answered:

"The roughest distance between two points."

Teacher (to tardy boy): Bobby why are you so late?

Bobby: Well a sign down here—

Teacher: Well what has a sign got to do with it?

Bobby: The sign said: 'School ahead, go slow!'

A Scotchman was playing a round of golf with his daughter.

"Maggie," he said, "is today your birthday? Weel, then, I'll give ye this hole."

Stockings were invented in the eleventh century but they became all too visible about 800 years later.

The best is none too good for you!

You are welcome here any old time!

THE CLOTHING HOUSE

of WILLIAM TRAUB

SPRING IS HERE!!!

**Now we think of Balls and Bats, Gloves and
Mitts for Base Ball.**

—REMEMBER—

FENDIG'S REXALL DRUG STORE

DR. ARTHUR G. CATT

Eyesight Specialist

Rensselaer, Ind.

**COLLEGE SIDE LUNCH
AND SERVICE STATION**

Refreshments

Gas and Oil

Route 53

Phone 405

WARNER HARDWARE

General Hardware, Stoves

Radios and Electrical Supplies

Phone 61

HOLDEN'S

GREENHOUSES

'Say It With Flowers'

For a Better Pressing

Job Call on

LOUIE

Quality
Value
Service

J.C.PENNEY CO.

A Good
Store in a
Good Town

MEN!

*The Values You Want
with the
Service You Expect*

When better automobiles are
built Buick will build them.

HARRY A. WILD

Buick Sales and Service

A. WARTENA & SON

General Blacksmithing

Plowwork Horseshoeing

Phone — 112

Rensselaer, Indiana

O'RILEY'S BAKERY

Rensselaer, Indiana

Furnishing the Institution's

BREAD, CAKES, ROLLS AND PASTRIES

N - A - S - H

Suits and Overcoats made
to your measure. Any
pattern, any style. Same
old price.

\$23.50

F. C. NEWMASER

The "latest" in hair-cuts.

We cater to St. Joe boys.

Cheerful Service

Good Accommodations

**ED GILMORE'S BARBER
SHOP**

THE DUNES ART STUDIO

Have enjoyed making the Photographs for
the Class of 1929. Only our highest grade
workmanship is used in all school work. We
will be pleased to have our representative call
and submit samples and prices for any class
work.

The Dunes Art Studio

"Gary's Leading Photographers."

527 Broadway

Gary, Indiana.

If it is to eat, we have it

QUALITY GROCERY

Opposite Courthouse

Worden Bros.

Phone 58

St. Joe Students

Enjoy your refreshments and
hear the Atwater Kent Radio

at

LONG'S DRUG STORE

You Are Always Welcome

CANDY

SOFT DRINKS

ICE CREAM

GOOD EATS

CHEERFUL SERVICE

Wright's Restaurant

ST. JOE BOYS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

PALACE THEATRE

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15

"GENERAL CRACK"

Jno. Barrymore.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, June 1-2-3

"IN GAY MADRID"

R. Navarro

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, June 8-9-10

"HIGH SOCIETY BLUES"

All Star Cast

COMING — "Mammy," "Hold Everything,"
"Caught Short," "Dynamite," "Lady of Leisure."

Compliments of
**RENSSELAER CANDY
COMPANY**

Wholesale Candies
Rensselaer, Ind.
Phone 920-D

CHAS. J. DEAN & SON

Real Estate, Insurance
and Loans
Rensselaer, Ind.

CALLAHAN & KANNE

The Place to Buy
YOUR COAL

Phone 273

Bring Your Guest and Friends to

HOTEL MAKEEVER

for their Sunday Dinners
We Serve the Best

Office Phone 456

Residence 358-Red

IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS

Ralph Sprague, Prop.

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat Flour, Buckwheat,
Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours
We Specialize in Poultry Feeds

Tailoring

Mending

RENSSELAER DRY CLEANING WORKS

H. B. Tuteur

Graduation Suits a Specialty

Pressing

Dry Cleaning

MACK & COMPANY

BOTTLERS OF

Coca-Cola

and

FINE SODA WATERS

Every Bottle Sterilized

Mfrs. of

Pure Ice Cream & Ices

"IT'S A FOOD"

Monon,

Indiana

This Magazine is Printed

by

THE RENSSELAER

REPUBLICAN

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

PHONE 18

RENSSELAER, IND.

SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS AT

Furnishings
Toilet Goods
"Eats"

Murray's

SUITS
Made-to-Order
\$25.75

DEPARTMENT STORE

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP.

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES, EVERY ONE ELSE DOES

We specialize in Men's and Boys' Thorogood Shoes
and expert shoe rebuilding.

H. G. ABBETT & CO.

Between the City Hall and New Palace Theatre.

LEADING PURVEYORS

—to the—

INSTITUTION'S TABLE

42 years' experience in supplying Quality Food Products for institutional and restaurant requirements has perfected our service and our values beyond ordinary comparison.

Our Edelweiss trademark has become the symbol of fine quality foods economically packed. Wherever close and intelligent buying prevails, our Catalog is of interest.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.

Importers—Wholesale Grocers—Manufacturers

CHICAGO

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one

CAUSE OF ARTHRITIS DEFORMANS FOUND

Murray Building

Phone 300

Courtesy of

THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Rensselaer, Indiana

DR. ROSE M. REMMEK

Optometrist

Phone 403

Rensselaer, Ind.

DR. H. L. BROWN

Dentist

Over Larsh & Hopkins

Drug Store

DR. KRESLER, M. D. CLARKE—The Jeweler

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Rensselaer, Ind.

**Where Quality and Service
Count.**

Watch Repairing a Specialty

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"Quality Candies Priced Right"

Our Complete Line Carried by

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

WORDEN & KELLER

Restaurant and Fountain Service

Most for your Money

Dr. Harve Hemphill

DENTIST

Office 104; Residence 559-Black

Rensselaer, Indiana

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

MISS R. BECK

Seamstress

Expert Mending

STAR BILLIARD PARLOR

Pool for Pleasure

Bowling for Health

AL KANNE, Prop.

—See—

BROTHER DAVID

Barber Shop

Tobacconist

